

Puck

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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



ALL SHE HAS TO HANG ON TO.

HER VALENTINE.



WHAT SHALL I send you for a Valentine?

Perhaps there is nothing that would please me better

Than to enclose this loving heart of mine
Within the snowy pages of my letter.

That would be very innocent and artless;
But, then, I know that you would deem me heartless.

But take it, love, such as it is—
A true

And loyal heart. You did not seek to win it;
Unconsciously the poor thing went for you,

Dreaming, and dazzled in one golden minute!

Let it be thralld to you; (sweet service this is!)

Its only recompense your smiles and kisses!

F. L. Stanton.



THE DAY IN DOG-TOWN.

"SAY," remarked the rattle-snake, suddenly brushing his Winter's nap the wrong way, and punching the head of the prairie-dog family whose basement he shared: "wake up here! I've just been dreaming that

it is n't the 14th of February; and as dreams always go by contraries, it must be. And that reminds me—I believe you're the fellow who sent me that comic valentine last year, representing me as an adder, trying to sting the bosom that warmed it—an adder with a vermilion tongue a foot long, and some prairie-doggerel beneath, to which I was much averse."

"N-N-N-o," stammered the prairie-dog. "I did n't send it, dog-gone me if I did!"

"It'll be dog-gone you, if you did! Any how, I think I recognized your ki-yi-rography on the envelope. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Did n't I always treat you squarely?"

"I don't know—you're always round. I've often asked you to move over and visit my mother-in-law, but you would n't budge."

"Don't talk about budge and snakes in the same breath—it makes me crawl. And never mind about your mother-in-law. It's no skin off my shins if she lives a hundred years. Did n't I rid you of that owl that came around here with a bill for meat? And did n't I diet myself last Fall, and eat only three of the children, when I really needed the whole six in my business? And did n't I always bring in a rattle to amuse the

youngsters, so you could be free to go out and stand up on the roof like a sore thumb? And that's the thanks I get—to be called an adder, in rhyme that's scaliar than I am. It's more than I can swallow."

"Well, one swallow does n't make an adder, you know," ventured the prairie-dog.

"Your unseasonable witticism, sir, would better have been sent to the *Sun*, where you could have got two bits for it.

Now you will get but one bit. I never could stand a joke so low down as the bottom of a prairie-dog hole. Come! Turn around here! S'pose I can swallow you crosswise?"

"But—"

"No, head. I'm not certain about that valentine, but *you* 'll be dead sure. Whether you sent it or not, I really need something to stay my stomach till Spring—so you may as well make up your mind to stay. By the way, before we begin, have you a toothpick about you? Thanks. Now allow me to assist you to the table. N—h! Yum! Yum! ** Say, I believe he did n't send it, after all. He has too good taste to do such a thing. However, there's no use in bringing the matter up now—I never strike a fellow when he's down. *Requiesdog in pace.*"

C. F. Lummis.



OUT OF HIS REACH.

MRS. GOPHER LYONS.—Babette! Why are you putting the candelabra on the mantel instead of on the dining table?

BABETTE.—Mr. Lyons just tould me ter take thim off—He said the Rooshian Count, what's comin' to dine, moight forget himself.

A FRIENDSHIP is often only schooner-rigged.

TAKING OPPOSITE SIDES—Whiskers.

THE MAN who elects himself to be his own lawyer is a fool; but think of the trembling lawyer-culprit who has to pick out another of his craft to defend him!



OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

DR. PRAYER.—Search the history of the whole world, and you will find nowhere else so inspiring an example of bold, fearless enterprise combined with gentle godliness as you find in St. Paul.

MINNEAPOLIS MAN (*picking up his hat*).—That—that's just a little more than I can sit under.

PRIDE IS PUNISHED.

LITTLETON (*coming out of the restaurant*).—By Jove, I'm glad we are rid of that waiter! His air was so lofty that I actually felt small.

COKE.—Indeed. And so—

LITTLETON.—And so I acted small. I did n't give him one cent.

A MEAN REMARK.

MISS ANGY NEW.—Miss Oldun told me that she was afraid of the dark.

MISS VERA CUTTING.—That's strange. I should think she would be more afraid of the light.



WHAT THE MONOCLE WILL BRING US TO.

A GREAT GIRL.

"I love that girl."

"Why?"

"What do you suppose she sent me for a Valentine?"

"I don't know."

"The receipted bill for all the flowers I sent her last year. It's taken a load off my mind, I can tell you."

A WONDERFUL CURE.

CARKER (*calling on friend*).—Mercy! What's that frightful shouting upstairs?

SERVANT.—That's Mr. Barker, sir.

CARKER.—Why, I thought he had lost his voice.

SERVANT.—He had, sir; but he has just received the Doctor's bill.

THAT WOULD INTEREST HER.

MRS. TOWNE.—How did you like the play?

MORRIS TOWNE.—Don't know anything about it. Could see nothing but women's hats.

MRS. TOWNE (*greatly interested*).—Oh, do tell me how some of them were trimmed!

CUSTOM FORMS our ideas. The house cat doubtless thinks its saucer of milk and place by the fire parts of the eternal system of nature.

WHEN A MAN is said to be hard to deal with, we may suppose that he will stand no shuffling.

AN UNVICTORIOUS CONQUEST.

He married a petted young girl,
And his life now with war is embroiled;
He thinks, with his head in a whirl,
That the Victor belongs to the "Spoiled."

IT HAD THE DESIRED EFFECT.

"You have seen the advertisement of my Universal Panacea, I suppose," said the patent-medicine proprietor.

"Yes," replied his victim, ungraciously; "I've seen it until I'm sick of it."

"Good! Now take a couple of bottles of it, and you'll be all right."

HIS LAST VALENTINE.

"QUEEN OF MY HEART, could my heart's love crown thee,
A priceless diadem I would bring;
Or could I with poet's harp renown thee,
How soft, how tuneful the songs I'd sing!

"Or had I Golconda's mines, by rightful
Title, I'd lay them beside thy feet;
Though to get them here would be something
frightful,

Yet, nevertheless, I'd attempt it, sweet.

'And other treasures I'd likewise proffer
If I possessed them; but, Fate malign
Has left me naught but myself to offer,
And this poor attempt at a Valentine."

"Oh, never mind crowns," came the bright
girl's answer;

"Don't bother about Golconda's mines.

I'd like to have *you*, if I really can, sir,
But you'd better let up on the Valentines!"



Madeline S. Bridges.

NO WONDER WE ERR.

"What is the right end of a check to endorse, any how?"

"The left end!"

AN OFFENSIVE PARTISAN.

THE SMALL BOY's now on mischief bent,
The Valentine's his game.
Although it only costs a cent,
It gets there just the same.



A WORD IN SEASON.

MR. CUTTER.—Have you been sleigh-riding yet?

MISS EFFIE WAITE.—Oh, yes; ever so many times!

MR. CUTTER.—Ah, then, I suppose you are weary of it. I was about to ask you—

HER YOUNGER BROTHER.—Better not. She's awful heavy. I could hardly pull her.

PUCK'S PATENT COMBINATION LABOR-LIGHTENER, FOR STREET-CAR CONDUCTORS.



CONDUCTOR.—Mek' room there fer wan more seat an th' left,—



—Move up there, will yez?

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THERE ARE text-books marked "English Literature." People must have noticed them because they are the only books marked that way. I have often marveled that volumes thus entitled should not be literature at all, while works of a truly literary cast may be labeled indifferently W. Shakspeare or G. Chaucer. Such contrary titles lead to confusion, and hereafter I shall mark my own words plainly "Belles-Lettres," or "Works of Genius," so that people may know exactly what they are buying. Honesty is the best policy.



These text-books are usually written by the possessors of a charming style suitable for writing invoices, and a critical mental attitude suitable for examining the ends of one's fingers. While they will "give unstinted praise" to an author's unstinted genius, they deplore his unhappy vices so virtuously that the reader fears he did n't have any. Reading of Burns in these books, I have asked myself: "Can this milk-sop, 'whose unhappy errors we should try to forgive,' be the manly toss-pot of my fancy?" No; I will not believe it.

Still, it is a mark of fame to be enshrined in these treatises, and there being several writers now living who, no doubt, await enshrinement with pleasant solicitude, I offer the following supplement in our text-books:

AMERICAN APPENDIX.

WILLY DEAR HOWLS.—This writer is noted for his manly admiration of modern writers, including Mr. Howls. He has a great trick of discovering authors (who have been renowned for three decades), and generously introducing them to the public. If in youth he had turned his attention to society, it is probable that ere this he would have discovered Queen Victoria as a social power, brought her out, and made a man of her. But this was not to be. In the magazines, Master H. has acrimonious debates with defenders of the romantic school, in which, by a course of ingenious reasoning, he finally completes his copy, and draws his salary. Occasionally he gives the world a comedy, and refined men who have their whiskers trimmed in English fashion, and "who dine at the ciub" (semi-annually), say of these comedies: "Very, very clever." And it is clever to write a comedy and get it printed; but when we picture Mr. H. engaged on works of humor, we are reminded of the sad words of the female poetess:

"Laugh, and you laugh alone."

ENRY JEAMES.—Although one of the youngest writers, Mr. Jeames, with a precociousness that all must admire, has already advanced far toward oblivion. He was born in Milwaukee, but he now denies the country of his birth, and claims to be English. This may be a horse on America, but it is an ass on England.

MR. FASSETT.—When Mr. Fassett first turned himself on, he evidently believed that he had tapped a cask of fine wine.

MR. CABUL.—It is said that to hear Mr. Cabul speak in company one would not discern wherein he is wiser than any one else; and the same curious surprise is met in his writings. Mr. C. has been solemnly engaged in writing for a number of years; but he has not yet seriously adopted any business or profession.

MISS FELPS.—We shall not, in speaking of this gifted writer, devote ourselves entirely to an exemplification of the sweetness of our own style, but shall incidentally treat of Miss Felps. In her meditative writings she

has given us works on the gates in several fixed positions; but with advancing time the extreme rigor of her early opinions has been relaxed, and it is said that she will close the series with a volume called "Over, Through or Under." All of her predictions are not of a sombre cast, however, and she often lightens our hearts with a cheerful New England pumpkin-pie story.

It has sometimes struck us as a little strange that so conscientious a writer as Miss F. should happen to be inspired with these moral turkey-and-cranberry tales in April, so that they may appear at the proper season in November. It seems a trifle worldly and calculating; but, however much we must deplore her unhappy faults, we should remember that many people are obliged to talk turkey by hard necessity.

Williston Fish.

TO THE VENUS OF MILO.

YOU NEED NO ARMS, O Venus sweet!
I swear by yonder skies—
You'd knock a man right off his feet
By one glance of your eyes.

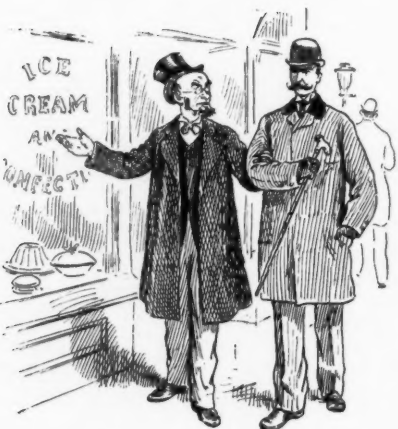


ONE FOR HIS KNOB.

MR. FIDDS.—Tell me, Doctor, does hair dye injure the brain?

DOCTOR GOUN.—It depends entirely on the person who uses it. It is harmless in most cases, as people with brains rarely resort to it.

THE FATE OF A FOOD CRANK; A WARNING TO OTHER FOOD CRANKS.



"I tell you, my boy, ice cream is never seen on my table; too much tyrotoxicon in it."



"My dear fellow, you must n't eat those things. Pickles will saturate your system with salts of copper; pepper and mustard are stimulants to alcoholic thirst, and lettuce is chock full of opium."



"What, milk? and canned condensed milk, at that? Why, don't you know that twenty per cent. of our cattle have tuberculosis, and that canned goods are tainted with poison?"

A MATTER OF TASTE.

TOM KNOX.—You seem to have a great liking for the single eye-glass, Hoffy.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Aw—ya-as; the double ones make a man look so owlsh, ye know!

TOM KNOX.—Then you prefer to look like a one-eyed owl, I suppose?

ONLY A MEMORY.

"My dear boy," asked young Mr. Inswim of young Mr. Coldè, while they watched the phantasmagoria of the passing crowd from the window of their favorite club house, with as much pleasure and languid delight as though their dues were not so far behind as to stand a good chance of being distanced, "My dear boy," did your uncle Gotrox remember you when he wrote his will?"

"Yes, me boy," answered the young Mr. Coldè, languidly. "Unfortunately, however, the dear old man trusted entirely to his memory, and made no memorandum of the fact in the will. None at all." And the young Mr. Coldè gazed placidly out upon the throng of wage-earners hurrying, hustling, bustling along from their daily toil, without even wondering whether it would ever become necessary for him to be one of them.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

MISS GIGLAMPS (*of the Hub*).—You know, the moon affects the tide.

MISS FIANSAY (*prospectively of a hub*).—Well, I know it affects them before they are.



"I followed you in here, old chap, to talk to you about the dangers of beer, wine and other alcoholic beverages. I want to tell you of the lurking demons of dyspepsia, gout and fusil oil, that lie in wait for you," etc., etc.



"STOP, man, as you value your life! Water is charged with lead from the pipes, with the germs of typhoid fever, and the cholera microbe."



One day, when his friends could n't stand it any longer, they decoyed him to a lonely spot in the wilds of New Jersey, and abated him.

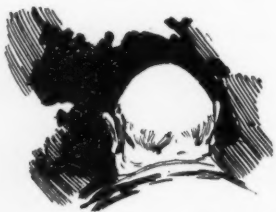
A SUBSEQUENT VALENTINE.

YOU MAY remember
I used to send,
On this lover's day of days,
Much tinsel stuff
With doves and guff
In the shape of amorous lays.

But now we are one,
More tangible form
My Valentine fancies take;
To-day I send you
A real, red heart—
A good beef's heart, to bake.

Yo.

THE HONOR among thieves is generally His Honor, the magistrate.



A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Like a luminous snow-white star,
That blooms o'er the mountain's head
Through the curtains of dusk afar
When the sunny day has fled,
Is the disc of shimmering white
That bursts like a lily fair
Through the gloom of the inky night
Of my now unlovely hair.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A GOOD DINNER without a cigar is like a beautiful woman with but one eye.—*Old Spanish Proverb*. A good dinner with a bad cigar is like a beautiful woman with a black eye.—*New American Proverb*.

THE GREATEST COMMON DIVISOR — Difference of Opinion.

ARE THE WOODS of the Amazon called "virgin forests" because they have never been axed?

HE WHO IS described as "One in 1,000" very often thinks the other figures beside him mere ciphers.

"HEAVEN LIES about us in our infancy." And we lie about Heaven, later on.

WE ARE TOLD that "a word to the wise is sufficient;" but the Welsh language seems to have more y's to the word than are absolutely necessary.

JEWELER.—If you want to buy a watch, I think that an American movement in an American case takes the cake.

CUSTOMER.—Probably; but you will, no doubt, agree with me that a Swiss movement in Sweitzer kase is just about the cheese.

IT IS ODD that, amongst all the different varieties advertised, we have never seen coal dust mentioned as a baking powder.



AN ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.
"Two Heads are Better than One."

BROWN'S LULLABY.

BROWN WAS always good-natured. We had spent the evening together in the temporary absence of his young wife, seeing the town, and it was late and we were weary when we reached home. Brown showed me into the room adjoining his, and I soon fell into a happy slumber. About twenty minutes past two, however, I was rudely awakened. Brown's eighteen-month old baby appeared to be troubled with insomnia, and Brown was evidently engaged in rocking the youngster, and keeping him quiet with a lullaby. The lullaby was Brown's own original composition. Apparently, it was also extemporaneous, both words and music, and was sung to long, short and every other kind of metre. Brown must have been mad. I was, any how. But he suppressed every sign of it. The boy was quiet, and apparently in good humor to be humored, and out of humor for anything else. He was humored somewhat as follows:

"There, there, there, there,
There, there, there.
What's the matter with the boy?
There, there, there.
Did he go to bed at six o'clock,
And sleep till half-past two?
Well, well, well, well,
There, there, there.
Now close your little eyes. That's
right.
Now open them again. That's
right.
Now rest your dear head on the
other shoulder. Now smile.
Oh, how sweet!
Wake up now and go to sleep again.
There, there, there.
Shut your beautiful blue eyes and wake up
again.

Yes, I know. Well, well, well.

Lie down and get up. There, there, there.

It would be lighter if it was n't so dark, and warmer if it was n't so cold.

Yes, yes, yes.

But the sun will be out in a few minutes, for it's 'most morning.

Yes, yes, my little dear, my pet.



'WAY OUT OF SIGHT.

BREEZY TATTERS. — Say, Lonely, I put up a job this afternoon.

LONELY WHISKERS. — So did I; but you can betyer termatter-can I put it up so high that it can't be reached.

Stand up, now, on one leg, and shut one eye and take another nap.

There, there, there. I knew he could.

Turn over once more and wake up. Try to sleep from now till the roses come again. There, there, there. It will be warmer next June.

Oh, if I were only in bed!

So, go to sleep. Yes, yes, yes.

How calm you look!

How resigned!

What lustrous eyes —

Looking into mine!

Shut 'em! or I'll leave the room — and return at once.

There, there, there. Now don't ky-ky.

Lie down now and wake up.

Yes, yes, 't was too bad.

Yes, yes, yes. But he'll sleep all the better to-morrow afternoon; yes, he will, the little darling.

If it was n't so cold we'd go out and slide on the ice. Yes, yes, yes.

But it will be warmer next September.

There, did he wish to snore? Well, he may, just as much as he likes.

Yes, yes, yes.

We are going out in the country next May to see his Grandmama.

Yes, we are. So, be a good boy. There, there, there.

Now he's still, he's closed his eyes.

I'll lay him gently in his crib.

There, there. Hush, hush, hush. Oh, thunder!

Did he want to rock some more?

Yes? Well, so do I.

Yes, yes, yes. There, there, there.

Now put his little head down on his Papa's ear. Pull the weeds out of his whiskers. Be active. Yes, yes, yes, sweet. Why don't you join the Salvation Army and leave home? Say, Pet? There, there. Wanted milk? Yes; well, it's down four flights of stairs, and the night is chill, and I am barefoot; but we'll go down. Yes, yes, yes. Of course, we will. There, there, there"

He went down, and I fell asleep. How much longer he continued his soul-stirring rhapsody I don't know; but it was noon when he woke up next day; and he woke up sleepy at that — but still good-natured.

W. A. A.

"QUEER, THOUGH TRUE.."

MIRTH IS CATCHING, so they say.

My wife takes things the other way.

When I am sober, she is gay.

And *vice versa*: strange to say,

When I get jolly

She's melancholy.

V. H. C.



"THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS PAST."

HARRY. — Dearest, why this agitation? Why do you hide your face from me? Can you not speak one little word?

CARRY (in a choking voice). — Really, Harry, I — I can not. Excuse me; but your emotion has caused you to burst your shirt-collar!





THE WAR OF THE OPERAS —

UCK.



RAS — A HARMONIOUS BATTLE.

A CONTINGENT VALENTINE.



"THE ROSE IS RED"—when not some other hue;
Yet *Jacks* are red, so let the saying rest,
And wear this one I send you on your breast.
"The Violet's Blue"—and very dear, but you
Shall have this modest dollar's-worth or two.
"Sugar is Sweet, and So are You"—in test
Accept this dainty box of Huyler's best;
"Sweets to the sweet," as Hamlet says, are due.

That is, I hope you'll get these things; yet fear
Lest PUCK my little sonnet may decline
With thanks—no check—and in that case 't is clear
The violet's blueness won't compare with mine.
I'll put it by to use some other year,
And you, Dear Heart, will have no Valentine!

Philip Arnold.

OBJECTIONABLE.

"Do the nihilists want to treat with the Czar?"

"Yes. And it's their treat. They want to blow him off."

AND YET THEIR INTERIORS NEED ATTENTION.

"Why do you think the Indians should be managed by the War Department, instead of by the Interior?"

"Because they are Warriors; not Interiors."

HIS PRECEDENT.

"What's the charge against this man?" asked the Judge.

"He passed a bad bill off on a car-conductor," replied the Prosecutor.

"Please, your Honor," said the Prisoner, "I did n't know it was any harm. I used to be a Republican Member of Congress; and we was n't any of us arrested for passing bad bills, then."

THE KITTENS grope and tumble around
Ere they get their eyes asunder;
And where the dickens they are, to them
Must be a nine-days' wonder.



HER FIRST ATTEMPT.

MISS MAGUIRE.—Any letter for me?

POSTMASTER.—What name, please.

MISS MAGUIRE.—Must I tell?

POSTMASTER.—Certainly.

MISS MAGUIRE.—Well, Tom Dolan; but he'd be mad if he knew I told on him.

A STICKER.

D. E. MYCRAT.—I tell you, sir, this administration is leaving a mighty bad impression!

R. E. PUBLICAN.—I can't see it.

D. E. MYCRAT.—Course you can't; it sticks to the Seal!

A MAC QUERY.

S. S. TEACHER.—What became of the devils after they were cast out?

MISSION PUPIL.—Give it up, Boss?

TEACHER.—They entered into a herd of swine.

MISSION PUPIL.—Say, Boss, don't guy a cove; is n't P. T. Barnum's name signed to that?

POOR BIRDS.

"There are no birds in last year's nests,"

There is no doubt of that;

Because the birds were killed last Fall

To trim the Winter hat.



AN UNEXPECTED INDORSEMENT.

MRS. BIMBELSTEIN.—Jacob, here vas leetle Isaac's monthly school report mit twelve failures marked.

MR. BIMBELSTEIN.—Isaac, my boy, you vos a genius.

MAKING A PLEASURE OF DUTY.

"I believe you Presbyterians don't keep Lent, Miss Lawrence?"

"I just guess we do. I always have a new suit for Easter."

A STAR ENGAGEMENT.

There was joy and rapture upon the young comedienne's face when I met her, just as she was coming out of the Dramatic Agency.

It was her third season upon the boards, and each season she had gone out with bright prospects for a glorious histrionic future and some "week stand" comedy company, only to come home by easy stages, and some that were n't so easy, before she'd been missed, hardly, from her boarding place in the great metropolis.

She had been haunting the agency man for an engagement for weeks, and at last she had been successful.

"What sort of a 'snap' is it?" I asked, dropping easily and naturally into the vernacular of the stage.

"Ah, but I have something *great* this time!" she answered, enthusiastically. "I'm going to double the two *Topsys* in an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* Company."

IN DAYS OF OLD.

MAUD LIEPYER.—A King once married a beggar.

JACK WARDOP.—Yes, dear; but that was in the good old days, when kings could afford to do such things. They now have to marry for money, like other people.



BALFREY.

WE WERE slowly climbing the staircase of the Crystal Toboggan Slide in Rutlington—a long line of us, in tasseled toques and blanket-suits. The college boys were, most of them, carrying toboggans much in the same manner as a Maori carries his long shield. The girls were chatting briskly with their escorts, or with one another. Suddenly some one touched me on the arm. I turned, and I saw Plaistead looking up at me from the step below.

"I want to introduce you to Balfrey," he said.

Balfrey was the new man who had come into our class at the college. I had not yet met him, but was anxious to do so, for I had heard that he was decidedly remarkable.

"In what way?" I had asked the three or four several students who had volunteered the same information.

"In every way," was the common reply. "You can not get any conception of Balfrey until you have met him."

On the step below Plaistead, as I turned and looked down, was a young man. He looked up and smiled, as Plaistead, under some difficulties, repeated the formula of introduction. I reached down, and shook hands with him over Plaistead's head.

"I am glad to meet you," I said.

"You may be sorry bye-and-bye,"

replied Balfrey. He said it in perfect seriousness, and with a gravity of tone and expression that was absolutely depressing. And yet everybody around us laughed.

"Yes," I said to myself, "there is no doubt that Balfrey is remarkable—peculiar would be a better word. I must cultivate his acquaintance."

We had no opportunity to speak further with each other that afternoon, however, as Plaistead presently introduced Balfrey to a very charming young lady, and my own fair companion was one to whom I was very much devoted. I saw Balfrey go down the chute on a toboggan several times. He always rode backward, and did not gasp when the toboggan shot off the platform. That was a little remarkable, too.

During the next few weeks I was thrown almost constantly with the new man, and we struck up an incipient friendship. I say incipient, because it never came to anything. That was remarkable, also; and it was Balfrey's fault.

Within less than four months he became involved in a love affair. It was with the young lady to whom Plaistead had introduced him at the toboggan slide. While his suit seemed to be progressing favorably, and everything was fair and delightful, Balfrey was the moodiest, saddest, most silent man in college. He lost flesh daily, and began to look old. All through this period of his personal history he was very confidential with me, but he never told me that he was in love.

Then came the *dénouement*. Balfrey proposed to Miss J., and was unequivocally rejected. "She had not realized," she said, "how things were going." All Balfrey's rosy castles came tumbling down. The whole radiant affair became like the chips of a shattered vase.

Immediately Balfrey began to brighten up. He grew jovial. He sang and whistled about the old college halls. He cut up capers with the boys. His cheeks began to grow plump and rosy again, and the crows stopped walking under his eyes at night. About this time our growing friendship came to a standstill. There seemed to be a delicate misunderstanding between us. I could not make up my mind whether I ought to congratulate Balfrey or not. That was where the trouble lay; and it was his fault.

Just six weeks after Balfrey's rejection by Miss J., and when the whole college was basking in his genial gayeties, like some old dusty book in a library, upon which a sunbeam falls aslant, we found a note in his room,



THE SAME OLD STORY.

EGYPTIAN TRAVELER (in Rome, 1,000 years ago).—Aw, ya-as, this is all very fine; but you have no antiquities here, ye know!

stating that he had committed suicide by closing his transom and windows, and turning on the gas. I shall never forget the white horror that smote on our faces—the four of us who went into the room—when we read that note. We trembled, so that we could hardly lift the curtain of Balfrey's bedroom to look upon his ghastly corpse.

Not until we had gazed upon the unruffled surface of his bed, plainly unoccupied the night before, and shiveringly looked into the closet and under the bed, did it flash upon us that there was no gas in the college dormitories.

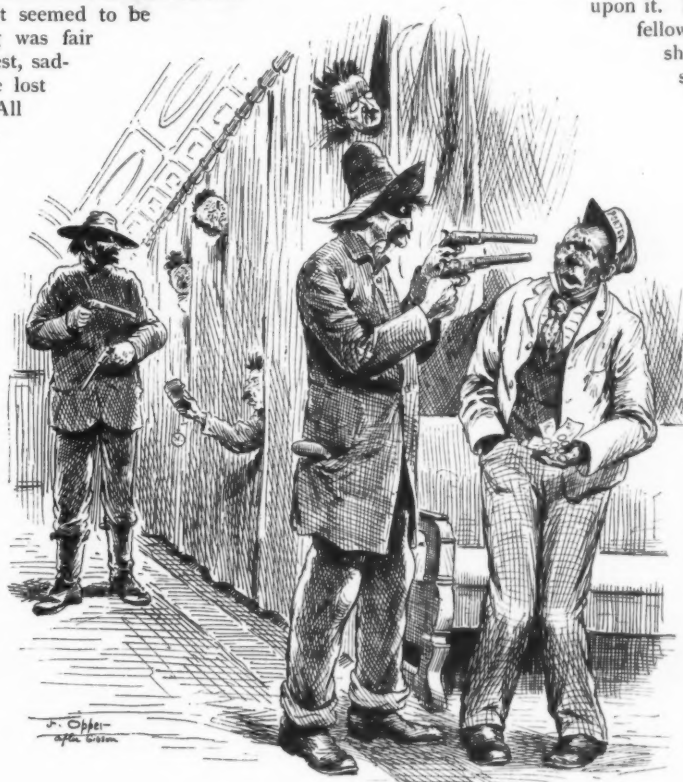
Here arises a psychological query. What effect did the same discovery have upon Balfrey's mind, after all his preparations had been made, and the fatal moment had arrived? Undoubtedly he meant to commit suicide. His mind was set upon it. But then—poor fellow!—the sudden shock of the absence of the means!

It was a remarkable *contretemps*, to say the least—quite worthy of Balfrey.

That was the last of him, however, at Rutlington. So far as we were concerned, he might have been dead—he was dead, practically, minus the sad satisfaction of burial rites.

But ten years afterward, when I was graduated from college, and became something of a wanderer, I met Balfrey in Pittsburgh, Pa. He told me that he had a wife in Scranton, the same state, and another in Richmond, Va., and piteously asked if I knew of a cheap hiding-place. I turned away, then, in unutterable sadness, at the perversity of fate in not providing adequate means for the commission of suicide by college students in the first sacred sorrow of a blighted and eternal affection.

Paul Pastnor.



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TRAIN ROBBER (in background).—Don't be alarmed, ladies an' gents, we don't want nothin' of you; it's the porter we're a-holdin' up!

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Visite?

MRS. DE VISITE.—It is one at which the con-
versation begins with art, science, and literature,
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to fellow-passengers on Western railway train).—
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Ve vant effry citizen to do as he please—
LEADER OF WESTERN OUTLAWS (suddenly
boarding the train).—Hold up y'r hands!—
New York Weekly.

HE KNOWS HER COOKING.
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a pudding that will keep a week.
MRS. MCCORKLE.—My puddings keep too long
now. I'd like a recipe for a pudding that my
husband will eat at once.—*The Epoch*.

SIGHT UNSEEN.
SHE.—Is n't that a new scarf pin you have?
I don't remember to have ever seen it before.
HE.—No. My brother has never called upon
you.—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

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SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
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NEW BUTLER.—Of course not; this ain't no
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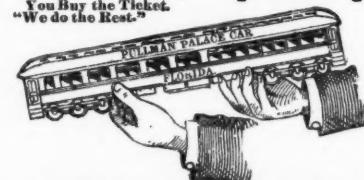
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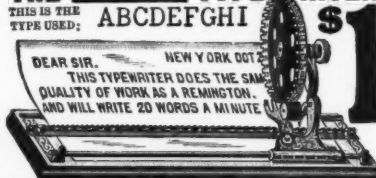
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THE poor man may not be able to keep the wolf from the door, but he is n't much troubled by book agents.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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MISTRESS (*angrily*).—Who was that who slipped out of the door as I came in? Another one of your numerous cousins, I presume?

PRETTY SERVANT.—No 'm. He ain't no relation of mine, Mum. He's one of yours.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

SOME men naturally take to drink, but the majority prefer to be taken.—*The Epoch*.

"O CHARLIE!" said the sweet young thing, as she nestled a trifle closer to him, "I am so glad you are not one of those Indians."

"Well, I should hope so. But why, particularly?"

"Because they are disarming them."

And then he was glad it had n't happened to him.—*St. Joseph News*.

"ARE you going to skate any more to-day, Clarence?"

"No; I'm through!" were the last words from Clarence, as he disappeared in an air-hole.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

YOUNGBLUDDE.—But don't you believe that it is possible to invent a good system on the races?

BESTUM.—Certainly. They are all good, providing you can induce some one else to put in the money.—*The Week's Sport*.

IN THE SWIM.—The Skater.—*Middletown (N. Y.) Conglomerate*.

DE MASCUS.—Why did he call it a collection of fugitive verses?

ST. AGEDORE.—Probably because they escaped from the pen.—*St. Joseph News*.

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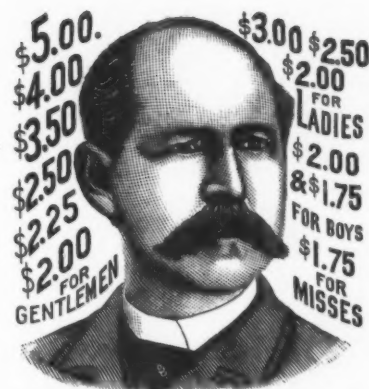
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FIRST TRADESMAN.—He has been taken into the firm.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

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MISS CUTTING.—I'm sure you're very considerate of them; all they have to do when you roll is to send back the balls.—*The Week's Sport.*

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"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

DRAMATIST.—I see now that the success of a play depends on what manager has it.

CRITIC.—Yes; Palmer's management is what killed your tragedy. It would have been a go with Koster & Bial.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

'T WOULD SEEM SO.

BOBBIE BRIGHT.—What's that danger sign put on the lake for, Dad?

BRIGHT.—To give cranks an opportunity to see how near they can get to it without falling in.—*The Week's Sport.*

A WARPED JUDGEMENT.

MRS. BINGO.—What do you think of this necktie? the clerk said it was the prettiest one in the store.

MR. BINGO.—Then the clerk must be a married man.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

SELF-BINDERS—Good Resolutions.—*Prison Mirror.*

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A HAYSEED HASBEEN.

When country-boys too high aspire,
They're apt to tumble in the mire;
And so, McKinley Hayseed, you
Who thought the tariff-trick you knew,
May tramp it back to O-hi-o,
Thinking of all you did n't know,
And there you may, till sheol freeze,
Protect your own home industries.



AN UNHEEDED SHREW.

The common scold, the common shrew,
You, Ingalls, you and only you,
Could find enough of language foul
To fill your vitriolic jowl,
And tell, (for once both vile and true,)
What decent people think of you.



A BACK-NUMBER.

Dear Everts, your Hat is a giddy young thing
Compared with the moss-whiskered age of your fame;
But as far as the fame goes, you're out of the ring,
And that Hat can alone give to History your name.

It is true in the Senate you sat for a spell—
And it's strange that you did n't grow fast where you sat—
But a bump on a log could sit equally well,
And Posterity 'll know you alone by your Hat.



AN AMBITIOUS BOY.

Dear Dave, the Presidential chills
Severely shake too small-sized Hills;
But when you pass the Senate door
You're better far than many a bore.
You ain't no sage, you ain't no saint;
There's lots of other things you ain't;
But you can rouse the slumbering hive;
For, Dave, at least you are ALIVE.